

# PURPLE PARROT

OCTOBER  
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CENTS



HIGHER LEARNING NUMBER

"I'm paid extra if my point gets eleven OK's—  
I pay a forfeit if it fails to earn them all"

# Every Duofold earns a Bonus or a Penalty

*So our graduate pen makers grind  
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Money does not buy love; money does not buy the law, or a position in society, or the respect of other men, or their souls. Counterfeit money, we mean.

*Mugwump.*

This was the happiest moment of her life. Her boy was graduating! She had watched him poring over his work day by day, until finally he had achieved the end. He had labored four solid years, faithfully and unceasingly, putting all else aside for his work. And now he had done it! Instead of blowing measuring glasses, he was now graduating them!

*Widow.*

Dean of Women: "Didn't I see you entering a fraternity house last night at 9:45?"

Co-ed: "Yes ma'am, but I didn't stay a minute—I was just going back after my hat."

*Froth.*

1st Pink—"I had a football play with Jack last night."

2nd Pink—"How was that?"

1st Pink—"Oh, merely blocking several attempted feel goals."

*Sniper.*

1st Student: Back down south we like our liquor strong and our women weak.

2nd ditto. And out west we like our liquor hard and our women soft.

3rd Inmate: Sure, but around here we like our liquor straight and our women curved.

*Gargoyle.*

"How did you come out at the dog race? Did your dog win?"

"No, he was left at the post."

*Voo Doo.*

"I know a girl who plays piano by ear."

"'Snothing—I know an old man who fiddles with his whiskers."

*Black and Blue Jay.*

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"Ah, my little man," beamed the kindly old man to the young Freshman, "watch out or the goblins will get you if you stay out so late."

"Like hell they will," retorted the Freshman. "I'll go Sig Alph or nothing."

Chi Psi: My brother doesn't drink, smoke or swear.

D. G.: Does he make all his own dresses, too?

*Do Do.*

She: "Oh, Gilbert has the most wonderful pair of binoculars!"

Also: "Has he? I dearly love these strong, virile men."

*Satyr.*

Student (to laundry attendant): "Look here, you're charging me for laundering a shirt which you lost."

Laundry attendant: "Well, why not? We washed it before we lost it, didn't we?"

*Punch Bowl.*

Table Com.: Hey, waiter—look! There's a piece of tin in my hash.

The Buck: Sure, mechanization of the modern age. The machine is everywhere replacing the horse.

*Pointer.*

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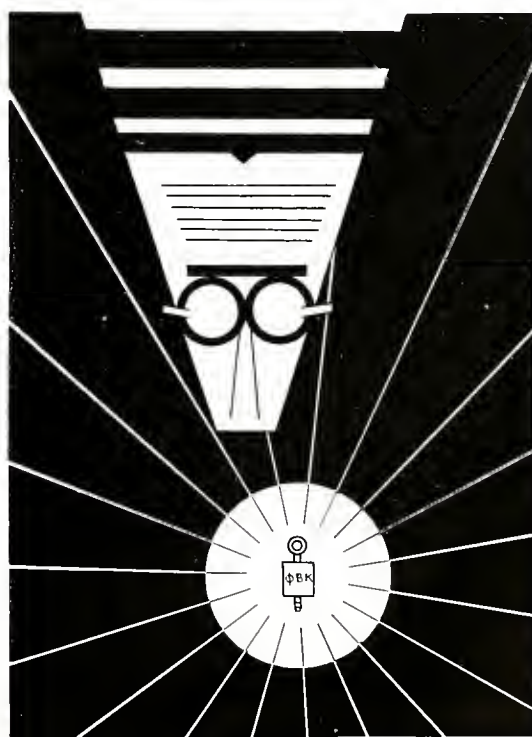
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# THE HIGHER LEARNING NUMBER



Dedicated to the Phi Beta Kappa whose  
only joy is in keeping books over-due.

# NORTH WESTERN UNIVERSITY PURPLE PARROT

V O L . X I — N o . 1

O C T O B E R , 1 9 3 0

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A HAMMER AND COFFIN PUBLICATION

E V A N S T O N , I L L I N O I S

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# OPINIONATED MEDITATION

SIR, THE FRESHMEN HAVE ARRIVED



COME, YOU poor little things, come in all your wide-eyed naïvete and hear of this pasture where you have been sent to browse and gambol (no pun intended). It is known

far and wide as a place of Higher Learning, and soon you will become accustomed to the characteristics peculiar to such a place. In a larger sense these characteristics are no less indicative of the general run of life, but here they command a wider individual scope of attention and are thus of greater immediate importance.

You come illusioned. We, too, once came illusioned, but we were shorn—some more rapidly than others. It is inevitable that most of you become shorn, and then may you fling yourselves wholeheartedly into this collegiate existence. Some of you will retain your illusions throughout your college days and far into life, firmly shutting out the n-k-d facts and existing in a private dream world—first cousins to the mentally ill. You



will recognize such of your group now and then, and you will pity rather than scorn. Others you will not be as prone to pity: those who have become so completely disillusioned as to be illusioned about their disillusion; these are public nuisances. But the majority of you are assumed to be of fairly normal mentality as the general run of humanity goes. And as you gradually awaken to the hardened facts of this institution you will adopt one of three attitudes, according to your natural tendencies: (1) you will become one of that group that never admits the facts; or (2) you will become one of that great majority that realizes but is indifferent to the facts; or (3) you will become one of that minority whose business it is to condemn and attack these facts. And so be it for your later life.

There are those who may smile at this worldly and all-knowing air, when we ourselves are embryo Freshmen in the School of Hard Knox. But this academic world is our own for the present—a cushioned miniature of the outside existence—wherein we have toiled and experienced and become old. And so we make the most of it now while we may, and feel lofty with the wisdom of the aged.

## THIS CASTE SYSTEM



**W**HAT ARE the hard facts of this institution? Tell me not in mournful numbers—there are far too many even to list. But we may dwell on one or two.

Any assemblage of mortals must necessarily become defined into several cliques, or factions, or levels, or classes—or let us call them castes. It is when these separate castes are formed by social rating that the so-called democratic spirit of this great American land flees and is no more. A co-ed institution as we find it here presents a beautiful setting for a caste system. Several levels exist here, hazily defined 'tis true, but none the less existent. You attain the one level or the other depending on your heredity and previous conditioning which make up your personality, and your financial backing. You yourself are relatively unimportant; it is what you represent that fixes your status.

High above all else there is the ruling caste. Its members hold most of the major positions in student affairs, and others of its group are the powers behind the thrones. Politically it is highly organized and practices the same benefits and abuses any group will. It is the Society of the student, and as exclusive as the Society of the general world. The social relationships of the members are practiced between themselves; morganatic tendencies for the lower classes are almost unknown for fear of social ostracism. The caste is highly conservative and

looks fish-eyed at any deviation from the traditions and conventions of the institution. Its members are well known to you; their names and pictures are forever in the school publications, and their easy informality amongst themselves as befits any ruling caste is always of news value.

There is the peasant or vassal caste. Its members are of that ordinary clay that fosters personalities devoid of enterprise or originality. It serves the biddings of the ruling caste under the delusion of working gloriously for the alma mater. Its members are the most collegiate of the student body, and it is their rabid patronage that supports the majority of the institutions in the school. They may be commended in that their feelings and beliefs for their school are sincere. Being guilty of an unsophisticated culture among other items they are denied the sanctum of the organizations of the upper caste, and so compensate by forming numerous drab and mediocre organizations of their own.

There is the yokelry caste. Its members seem concerned primarily with the pursuit of hell-dodging. They are guileless and plebeian as the members of the ruling caste are suave and worldly. But they are kindly of heart. Their bull-sessions consist of reviews of movies, and their hot dates of a single good night kiss extended for five seconds. They are unconcerned about appearance or clothes, and though they dress in a motley of styles they have a tendency to look alike.

There is the apathetic caste. It is inconsequential in the affairs of the students. Its members consist almost exclusively of commuters who are spared the curse of college spirit by a protective home influence. They are comparatively indifferent to the activities that are the life's blood to the other castes. They come to school as clerks to work, and when the closing bell rings they knock off work and go home. The benefits and detriments of the educational system are both lost on them.

There is the radical class. Its members sniffle at the collegiate frivolities of the other castes. Unlike the commuters they take a rabid interest in their school but it is a deadly interest of reforming tendencies and devoid of humor. They form exclusive organizations that are for mental rather than material activities. They are lacking in influence because they are barred from the major positions in the school activities. They leave school cynical and bitter, and are sometimes heard of agitating for one thing or another.

There is the intelligent caste. Its members consist of mutants of the other castes. They are completely unorganized. They see and react to facts in an intelligent light. They realize that their college days are a means to a goal, and so support the institutions of the school with a sensible moderation. They maintain the balance between the fanaticism of the peasant caste on the one side and the radical caste on the other. The social standards of this caste are far more elastic.

Psychologically and sociologically the above classification should be worthless; you can not classify the human species to such precise detail. But grouped together, the human animal in conjunction with his fellows seems to exude a general expression that distinguishes that group. You Freshmen will fall into your natural caste as through a series of sieves. But whatever group you belong to you will rehash the same thoughts and activities of your predecessors. *Only the names change.*



Josephine O'Brien

Absent-minded prof: "I believe this was two weeks overdue?"

## THE POPULAR PROFESSOR

**T**HE POPULAR professor possesses personal glitter (IT by no means), initiative, pleasant domination, dignity (but not aloofness), galvanism, an immediate sense of the humorous, unquestioned erudition, patience and pungent wit. He is an entertainer—a showman, no less—is not conscientious about grades, rarely failing anyone (and then only the socially taboo), seldom bothers with a rollecall, frequently cuts class (premonitory, of course), dismisses the class early, is never more than discreetly angry, has a smile for every occasion and person and is author of at least a six-inch shelf. The professor we admire and like is never fussingly critical (although we *do* learn something), nor is he ever too preoccupied with personal affairs to show concern about us; he humors the class in everything of consequence, is able, authoritatively, to discuss every trivial matter that arises, is interesting and instructive in his lectures so that an intelligent reading of the text is unnecessary and does not slight student affairs. When

orating he is the Bryan of '96. Assuredly not an educational Simon Legree he pleases with easy, infrequent tests, injects subtle (but not too subtle) anecdotes into his lectures and is absolutely unbiased concerning either sex. He is informal but never familiar or risque and is an all-round prototype for man, father or husband; he is an established linguist, knows even the latest talking movies and has at least a doctorate. One always senses a definite, admirable restraint when approaching the sunshine of his desk. He just makes you respect him and feel at ease—there's that about the man. And when you step up and shake his hand, it is a tin hand, for of course you knew that he is our new televox professor!

A. A. E.

Advice to Freshmen: Send your shirts to any Evanston laundry and get to know the names of the fellows in your class.

Foster House is divided into two bitterly opposing camps: those who think the meat should be cooked longer, and those who think the knives should be sharpened oftener.

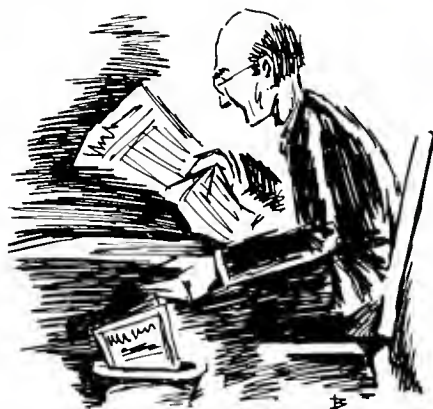
## THEY MUST BE SOMETHING

(The college football hero gropes poetically for the Creator.)

**H**ELL. HERE I'm mosin' along the sidewalk just before early practise, an' I see all the leaves on the sidewalk. Well, I ain't like dis guy Lord Browning they raves fer, but I feels somet'ing does dat. They must be somet'ing what's high up what makes us at a certain time every year walk ankle deep almost in dry brown leaves from offen trees where they wuz once green an' wet. They must be somet'ing what fixes my knee when she slides outta joint. They must be somet'ing makin' so many good little redheads wanna go bad when they lamps such han'some beef like me. They must be somet'ing makes me able to git 80,000 at a crack loony wid one little run. They must be somet'ing makes hintellectel colleges fight fer an' respect dis brawn. Hell, yah!

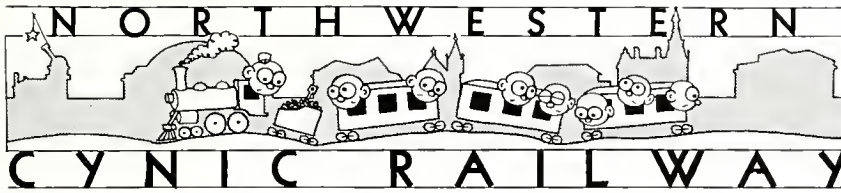
Prexy Scott (addressing Freshmen): "You men and women who have come to Northwestern now stand at a critical turn in life—you are ready to go forth matured and responsible. You have cast off the cloak of care-free youth."

Professional voice from back alley: "Any ol' clo'es?"



"These absent-minded professor jokes are becoming more and more absurd," said the professor as he threw the Purple Parrot in the wastebasket and placed the Daily Northwestern on the table.

Note: If the above does not register at first, try, try again.



O, the lot of the athlete is a miserable one, but stay—his martyrdom is inspiring. Never would we know this were it not for this tearful plea made by our Committee on Traditions and Customs:

"This tradition that Northwestern men do not date at athletic contests is a mark of respect made for the playing members who can not partake of the pleasures of a date, and whose sacrifices for the sake of the game are greater than the men (*sic*) who sit in the stands."

*Pacifism is a fearful menace. This is easily proved by an outburst of reasoning that would shame a professor of logic, set forth by a member of the late lamented Northwestern R.O.T.C. military unit, in a letter to the editor of our Daily:*

"... ridding the world of fires by simply doing away with the fire department, or overcoming crime by disbanding the police department, would be called insane, and rightly so. . . . The army is for the purpose of preventing wars, and when wars do break out the army brings them to an end in the shortest possible time. The army no more causes wars than a fire department causes fires."

*When better lies are made, the Purple Parrot will make them:*

*Letter-head of the Daily Northwestern:* "The Official Newspaper of 11,000 Students."

*Letter-head of the Purple Parrot:* "Monthly Humor Magazine of 14,000 Students."

*The earnest and heart-felt response of our Shepherds to our bleatings is wondrous to behold. Here we stood and sniveled for Sunday tennis these several years, but once our cries are heard we are tenderly cared for:*

"The ban on Sunday tennis has succumbed. . . . The university heads were quick to see and appreciate the students' feeling in the matter and have adopted the new ruling of their own accord."

*Virile and mighty escape from the rigors of calisthenics, as offered in the Announcement of Courses:*

"Men's Glee Club . . . may be substituted for Physical Education . . ."

*Be warned against the evil cunning of the School of Education. It has plotted a seductive and insidious lure to Higher Learning that is a product of the Devil, and uses its Summer Catalogue as the trap:*

"The campus of Northwestern University stretches for nearly a mile along the shore of Lake Michigan, the lapping of the waves being audible in most of the classrooms."

*Let no slurs be cast upon the innocent purity of our co-eds, nor upon the chivalry of our men. The beautiful relationship between the two brings tears of emotion:*

"He carried her cold and stiff into the A O Pi house last Saturday night. However, the identity of the woman remained unrevealed as her escort carried her to the door. He set his burden down . . . unwrapped her, taking off the blanket fold by fold. Then he thrust his human cargo into the sisterly confines . . . and fled."

*Yes, our men are gentlemen to the core, sir, to the core. Ah, but the pity of it, that their noble character must not be revealed openly or publicly. But our President of the Men's Union generously discloses it:*

"I find that quite a few students do drink. But those who drink do it in a gentlemanly manner and do not do it openly or publicly."

*Would you believe that two houses of boys have been masquerading as girls for God knows how long? Yes, and it is the Telephone Co. that has ruthlessly bared this terrific scandal:*

"Kappa Alpha Theta Fraternity . . . Greenleaf 2120."

"Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity . . . Greenleaf 2254."

## Results of Higher Learning or Why Professors Look Hopeless

*Physics:*

"The volt is a unit of electricity, and was named after Voltaire because his writings were full of electric."

*Chemistry:*

"A liter is a brood of puppies."

*Hygiene:*

"Rabies are Jewish priests, and they can be cured by changing their religion."

*Physics:*

"When water changes to ice the greatest change that occurs is the price."

*Zoology:*

Question: "How does the crayfish smell?"

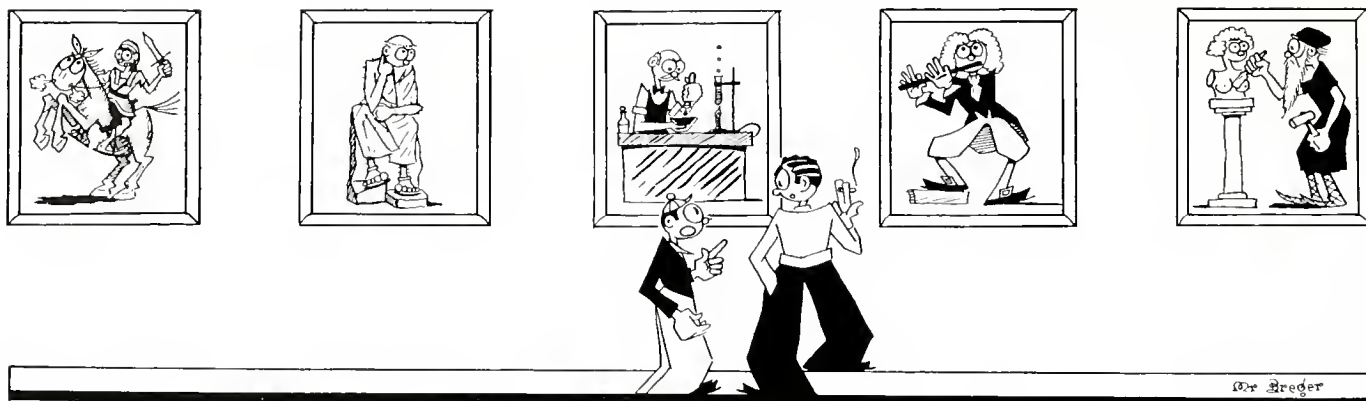
Answer: "The crayfish smells pretty bad."

"O Doctor Morgan," cooed the sweet young co-ed to our promising young psychiatrist, "I lost my Intelligence Test. Will I have to be examined all over again?"

"No," responded our good doctor gallantly, "only your mind."



"I just heard you've been initiated into our fraternity. Congratulations!"  
"Thanks, and the same to you."



# WHO'S NUTS?

KONSTANT J. SAVICKUS

**T**HIS IS a two act play written in one act. The characters are all college students. For any further information regarding the morals, interests, or desires of these characters, please write or call Phoneballs 241. Illustrations by request, French or Spanish style—send no stamps or money orders—15c per dozen.

## *The Play Proper:*

SENIOR: Now lissen, ya dumb Frosh. I've been appointed an' I gotta take ya through the frat house an' git cha acquainted with the pictures of these great guys so you kin tell any visitor an' it won't reflect on us. You gotta know these men. It's a custom or a tradition, ya understand? If ya don't know 'em just ast me. Now this first guy here, that's Alexander the Great, see?

FROSH: Please sir, is he the person who exalted himself so magnificently at the battle of Granicus, the capture of Tyre, the conquest of Egypt? And did Media, Parthia, and Bacteria fall before him?

SENIOR: (*amazed*) Er . . . ah, sure, oh my yass. Beside that he was a great soldier, that's why he's great, unerstan'?

FROSH: Very well now sir, thank you.

SENIOR: S'all right. Now this funny lookin' guy here, that's—wait till I look in my pocket 'cause I oncet put his name on a note to remember. Ah, here it is, Leonid Nikolaevitch Andriev.

FROSH: Please sir, is he the mystic whose work reflects such a fatalistic philosophy of life? And is he the individual who possessed unusually searching powers of analysis?

SENIOR: Sure, . . . sure, didn't ya know that? Huh, I'm sorta surprised at your ignorance. I'm sure surprised, huh! Now come over here, see this guy, that's Aristotle. Now he was a great teacher, ya understand? If it's too difficult for ya I'll talk slower.

FROSH: Thank you sir. Please sir, was he the founder of

the Peripatetic school of philosophy?

SENIOR: Er, . . . ahem, why sure, didn't ya know that?

FROSH: I wasn't quite positive sir, thank you. Is he the person who desired to reduce facts and methods to a system and also desired to touch and clarify every subject of discussion during his day?

SENIOR: Why I'm surprised, I am. You askin' such questions. Why sure of course, that's what he done. Let him alone and take a look here. This guy's Svante August Arrhenius, he was a chemist. You'll smell more of him later, like me. Ya understand?

FROSH: Please sir, is he the individual who spoke so highly of Avogadro's celebrated law; that under the same conditions of temperature and pressure equal volumes of gases and vapors contain equal numbers of molecules?

SENIOR: Oh my yass, sure. If there's somethin' else ya don't know, just ast me. It's easy tellin' for me when ya don't know. This next guy, now, he was a physician. Name's Leopold Auenbrugger von Auenbrug; if ya don't remember look close on the wall paper where it's written, ya understand? You kin astonish your ol' man with your learnin' when he visits ya, see?

FROSH: Yes sir, thank you sir.

SENIOR: Now this is kinda personal but I'm takin' a interest in ya and I'd like to know whether the old man's treatin' you right since ya left home. You know, does he send ya enough spendin' money?

FROSH: Oh yes, I have eighteen dollars left from my allowance, sir.

SENIOR: (*exultantly*) You wanta be a real frat brother, don't ya? You wanta do right by a brother that does right by you, don't ya?

FROSH: Yes sir, I most heartily do.

SENIOR: That's the thing I like in a new brother. That's real spirit: Now I wasn't gonna mention this but I'm kinda



low this week an' my check which always comes didn't get here yet, an' I think it got lost in the mail, an' . . .

FROSH: Oh please sir, may I be of any assistance?

SENIOR: There now, you're gettin' the real spirit of this house already. See, I'm sorta testin' you out. I'll tell the rest of the bunch you're a real guy. That new book I was thinkin' about costs eight dollars and forty cents. I got forty cents an' you'll have an even ten dollars.

FROSH: Should I get the money from my room now, sir?

SENIOR: Well, all right, but ya better hurry cause we got lots to look at. I'll wait right by this big picture.

(Note by author; *Fratus playus incompletus touchus*, which translated means—A frat play is incomplete without the personal touch.)

SENIOR: (in the interim) I should be a diplomatist. Hot dog! I hope Lucy's neck is in good shape to-night.

FROSH: Here you are sir.

SENIOR: Well that's swell. I'd never have needed it but ya can't depend on the mail. You're the fellow that lost that package from home, aren't cha?

FROSH: Yes sir, it was from my mother.

SENIOR: See, ya can't depend on the mail. I was there when it didn't come. I told the mail man about it, remember? I'm the guy that attends to that. Did she say what was in it?

FROSH: Yes sir. It contained some preserves and pastries which mother made.

SENIOR: Is she gonna send 'em often?

FROSH: Oh yes sir, every week, sir.

SENIOR: An' are ya gonna forget me when ya get 'em?

FROSH: No sir, I'll bring some as soon as it arrives.

SENIOR: Will you write an' tell her to make lots of those little brown ones with the jelly on 'em?

FROSH: Yes sir.

SENIOR: Now let's get back to where we was. I think you an' me is gonna be great friends. Don't mention you got ten dollars to any one else in the house. All right?

FROSH: Yes sir.

SENIOR: Ah, look at this guy. He was religious. He's Saint Augustine. He had a lot of illicit relatives.

FROSH: Beg pardon sir, but you mean illicit relations, don't you sir?

SENIOR: Sure, oh my yass. I was humorously speaking.

FROSH: Please sir, was he engaged in the three great religious controversies—against the Manichaeans, the Donatists, and the Pelegians, or am I amiss?

SENIOR: Well, I kin answer no to that last part of your question. You ain't as far as I kin see. But that don't matter. Here's two pictures that ain't so big. This one's Ayesbah, the favorite wife of Mohammed. I tried to find out why but the books are not accommodatin' to intensive research. This other guy is Baber, just a big mogul from India. He ain't worth askin' about. Now this guy here, I'll tell ya about him. He practiced on a piccolo and with the various fruits received during his practice, he laid the foundation for his career. He graduated from the piccolo to the organ. He was a real physician for he knew the feel of the organ and the sound of the tubes. Name's Johann Sebastian Bach.

FROSH: Please sir, when did he publish his Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues?

SENIOR: Sure he did, of course, sure. I told ya enough about him though. Here's Balzac. He wrote books.

FROSH: Please sir, did he not have a tendency to insist too much on detail, and did he not have a fondness for the morbid pathology of human nature?

SENIOR: Sure, I'd tell ya more but I gotta finish this first floor before eatin' time. Here's Barnum, he was a show-man. D'ja ever see a show-woman? No? Well sit on the lower steps

of the registration building. Now here's Benvenuto Cellini, he was a sculptor and sure was good at busts.

FROSH: Did he concentrate on them, sir?

SENIOR: Sure, that's why he was good at it, ya understand?

FROSH: Very well sir, thank you sir.

SENIOR: Here's a real guy. Giovanni Boccaccio. Do ya know him?

FROSH: Is he the author who deals so searchingly with the most powerful passions of humanity, sir?

SENIOR: See, now you're gettin' smart all ready. Only you don't say it in the right way. But four years'll take care of that. You kin go to

your room now 'cause I'm pretty tired out. Don't forget all I told ya. We'll see some more tomorrow.

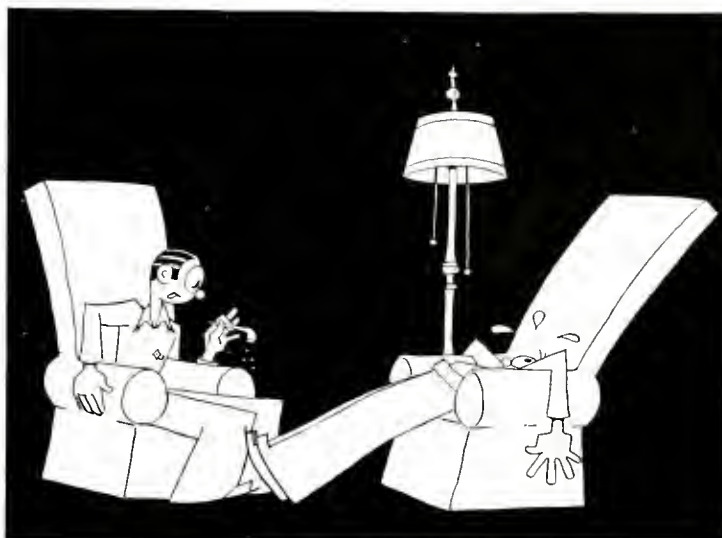
FROSH: Thank you, sir.

\* \* \* \*

SENIOR: (to full fledged brother) Damn it! They make 'em dumber every year. This new pledge didn't know nothin' about any of these famous guys. Just ast questions all the time. I got all tired out explainin'. Next time you take 'em 'cause I gotta watch myself with the Senior Ball comin' on next week.

(Author's note: To be continued by popular demand.)

(Editor's note: Like hell it is.)



I got all tired out explainin'.  
Next time you take 'em . . .

## NOBODY BELIEVES OUR LEXICON

**ATHLETICS:** The business of which college is the debit side.

**CO-ED:** The tragedy of most co-eds is that the four years are up before experience makes them as meretricious as they were dying to be when freshmen.

**DANCE:** One reason why the student studies is that it feels so good when he gets back to the dance.

**ENGLISH:** We at college still stomp all over it. But what's the use? Dead as a door-nail.

**FOOTBALL:** Political maneuvers for academic gain.

**FRATERNITY:** Recluse of collegiate ward-healers and machinations of dubious mental or moral probity.

**GRADUATE:** An incorrigible specimen.

**PROFESSOR:** Titular recompense for seven or more years of schooling with tetanus of the lower jaw.

**SORORITY:** Hatchery for Patou-idolaters and very resolute men-bait.

**UNIVERSITY:** Place to confine young people who are paid to stay away from home. *A. A. E.*



Betty Co-ed says that after sitting through a certain lecture class she knows how that Philistine felt who was slain by the jawbone of an ass.

## NATURAL HISTORY

### I—The Freshman

The freshman is so very small  
You cannot make him out at all  
Unless you look among the grass  
Or by your feet to see him pass.

But if you watch with care, you'll see  
His curious physiognomy  
(Atop a quaintly formed physique),  
Its bovine features mild and meek.

His lovely pink and purple eyes  
Survey the world with sweet surprise;  
And as around and 'round he goes,  
His yellow ears and scarlet nose,  
Beneath a shock of flaming  
green,  
Compose a creature seldom  
seen.

### II—The Prof

As a friend to the children, the prof is  
the thing  
To carry and fetch and amuse;  
You can ride him, or lead him about with  
a string,  
Or use him to polish your shoes.

His mouth, full of flocculent teeth, is de-  
signed  
To open a bottle or can,  
And his silky soft hair is convenient,  
you'll find  
For applying a synthetic tan.

So be kind to your prof, and indulge  
him on gore,  
And cranberry tarts, and shellac,  
And speak to him gently, and fondle him,  
or  
He'll leave you and never come back.

### III—The Dean

The dean is a most hypothetical beast  
Who inspires an awe not deserved in the  
least,  
For he really has never been seen;  
But the growls and the roars that emerge  
from his lair  
Make the children believe that he surely  
is there,  
With his slaverous jowels and rubicund  
hair,  
(A deception remarkably keen).



### LOCAL NEWS ITEM:

Old MacDougall says he has just changed his name to O'Reilly because he's sick of the slurs cast on the economical nature of his race. MacDougall has also bought a second-hand tombstone recently from an Irish family.

### IV—The Registrar

I never saw a registrar.

### V—The Physical Director

The physical director in his exhibition  
cage  
Is an entertaining animal to see;  
He devotes his time to swinging while  
suspended by his tail,  
And to sifting out the sugar from his  
tea.

He can wrinkle up his forehead while he  
oscillates his ears  
As he stirs his morning omelette with  
his nose;  
And his muscular development is on  
prominent display  
When he holds his knife and fork be-  
tween his toes.

He delights to take his exercise by spin-  
ning on his chin,  
Or perhaps by tossing peanuts in the  
air,  
But his very best performance is of rid-  
ing to the hounds,  
Chasing cooties through the forest of  
his hair.

*Paul Culp.*

# FABLE OF THE PROFESSOR AND HIS BEARD

## A Psychological Narrative

ONCE THERE was a Professor who possessed a mighty beard that was at once the pride, the joy, the despair, and envy of all his fellow-men. Of incredible length was it, of alabaster whiteness, of shimmering sheen, of ethereal delicacy. Even as his contemporaries wore their honors and keys to appease their vanities, so too did he wear his beard; far more majestic and impressive than a hundred keys. In its presence his

students fell into bewitched rapture, and became meek, and small, and humble.

But lo! the insidious snake of evil worms its way disguised into this charmed paradise. A Freshman there was, a gentle, worshipping Freshman, who accosted the Professor humbly, and in reverent tones spake forth: "O Father Professor, long have I wondered; long have I queried and reflected; long have I sought; and now I come to you for answer. Tell me, O Father, when you sleep at night does your wondrous beard lie above or below the bed-quilt?" With thoughtful, solemn mien the Professor meditated, and then gave answer: "Verily, mine Son, I can not recall just now whether mine noble beard lies above or below the bed quilt; tonight as I lie in bed I shall take note of its position, and tomorrow you shall be relieved of your anxiety."

And so that night as the Professor lay in bed he took note of his beard and observed that it rested gently on top of the bed-quilt. "Ah," said he piously, "so it lies always above; tomorrow I shall so inform mine gentle Freshman." And he prepared to plunge off into sleep, but of a sudden he felt uncomfortable.

Truly, the beard seemed straining and heavy above the bed-quilt. "No, no," he cried, "certainly it can not be this way; it lies *below* the quilt." And so he placed his beard beneath the bed-quilt. But soon it tickled his feet, caught in his arms, entangled his knees, and caused him great distress. Impatiently the Professor cried: "Never that! It *must* rest above the quilt certainly." And he placed his beard above the bed-quilt; but it tugged his face, entangled in the bed-posts, fell in his mouth, and



burdened him tremendously.

In desperation the Professor strove to sleep, but either above the bed-quilt or below it the beard plied its relentless torment. Far into the night he struggled: he placed the beard above, then below, this way, that way, but all in vain. Finally, with the shrill shriek of rage the Professor leaped from his bed, seized his razor, and with desperate fury made a mighty stroke across his beard. In one fell swoop the extraordinary beard was shorn, but accidentally he also slit his throat, and when morning came he was found quite dead.

MORAL: O ye Freshmen, seek not knowledge from thy Professors lest ye cause dire and fearful consequences.

"I got a zero in math," said the Freshman, "but that's nothing for me."

Axiom: The greatest weakness of fraternity life is sorority life.

Housemother (to young man sitting with Kappa): "It's after twelve thirty. Do you think you can stay here all night?"

"I'm not sure, ma'am, but I can call home and find out."

Then there's the dumb Frosh who heard his girl got a pink slip from the Dean of Women, and he's real glad because his girl looks so nice in pink.

## CHAMELEON

The Freshman colors are light blue-pink,

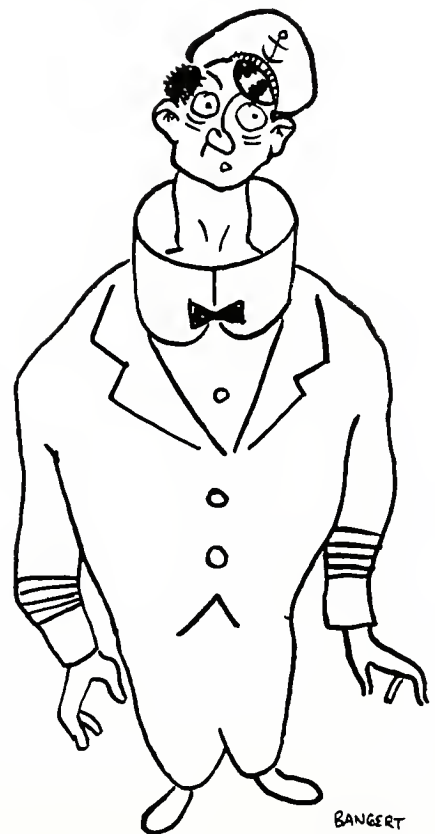
An adolescent bib.

Light blue for his clean innocence,  
And pink for anxious hope.

The Sophomore's tint is grey,  
His eyes are filled with mist,  
His jollity is hollow,  
His hopes are changed to pleas.

The Junior gets a dismal black—  
The worst year of them all.  
The thought is greater than the deed,  
He knows, he knows for sure.

Senior, in high ermine-purple,  
To hide his stony sense,  
Goes out, goes forth, vertiginous,  
To wonder, and to laugh.



BANGERT

Excuse the size of the gent's collar, but he's expecting a goiter.



# THE FACULTY SITS ON THE STUDENT

A. A. EDELSON

**S**IXTEEN TEACHERS are seated at a dining table, smoking and joking. ZERO, the department head, ONE, TWO, THREE and FOUR, professors, have lighted cigars; FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT, NINE and TEN, associate and assistant professors, smoke pipes; and ELEVEN, TWELVE, THIRTEEN, FOURTEEN and FIFTEEN, instructors, puff at cigarettes. They look happy.

FOUR: Then the kid cut in with, "Awjee, Ma, I ain't eatin' this beenana on uh empty stummick. I had twelve on 'em alriddy." [Laughter.]

FIFTEEN: Ha! Puts me in mind of the one I got from Paris—

ZERO: [*peremptorily, with an engaging majesty*] Ladies—um—I mean—Fellow department-members. Business of the evening. I've called this meeting to give group consideration to a very interesting paper I have here—a phantasy, sort of, through which runs a confession. The letter is signed in bold red print, "A Student." [*At the word "student," ONE, who had begun dozing, drops away into sleep. ZERO reads*] "Please distribute copies of the following to your staff and request them to communicate the contents to five teachers, who in turn will lengthen the chain. The man who wrote, "Every generalization, including this one, is untrue" cut his own throat. I shall save mine by admitting that many generalizations are very true. Although it is impossible that anyone in your department be a precise replica of my characterization, a deplorable lot of it pertains to everyone of them, and there remains no one in the university to whom much of it does not apply. Since every word that follows is deprecatory, you can easily see how your erudition impresses."

FIVE: Hear—[ZERO darts a look at him].

ZERO: [*resuming*] "Teachers are: meticulous, monomaniacal, mendacious, stagnant, somnolent, suspicious of merit, reticent or boringly explosive and imperious, bluntly prolix and loquacious, ostrichly self-complacent and resigned, obsequiously weak-kneed in the presence of athlete's foot-and-snore, and schoolgirl complexion and hosiery, possessed of a negative quantity of pleasing pedagogical probity, trucklers extraordinaire to His

Inaneness, the student, harmfully euphemistic, incompetent disciplinarians using grade-whacks as lashes, and are far too sedentary to be of much inspirational value to the American young (bred as they are to the religion of virility and girth of forearm), or to students who burn to see and touch things. They are advocates of a liberal education in general ideas, broad concepts in the principles of science, philosophy and other elements, most of which to them is unapplied hearsay. Mechanical slots of facts, dates and details, and dealers in cunning student torture, they are either scholars buried in research or spineless dancers to student tunes, and helots to texts (their own especially), fish-eyed when "probing the student problem," guilelessly pellucid, failures in popularizing dignity, objects of general student commiseration, apostles of affectation, debilitant in making work of what should be "hungry-curious" ecstasy. It is a platitude (to nearly all except students' parents) that teachers are Puritans by nature, or by proxy. They are too forebearing and mollifying to be of much artistic value. They are casuists. Many are unable to give the students reasons for digesting the memory trash, because the supposed teachers never felt the gumptious inquisitiveness before they fell to sweating at the deadening doctoral thesis. Like so many bobbing mules they confine their blatherings to one subject, as though a proper knowledge consists of autonomies. Although like clerks they are hired for salaries, they are usually more considerate of themselves than the young; and they are as much underpaid as a movie star. They are ingenious in refusing to comprehend any form of student individualism, although they sometimes even feign bellicosity in attempting to initiate the thinking process. It is a rare one who tries to repeat much that isn't book stuff: "Je suis, tu es, il est . . . Vercingetorex defeated by Caesar . . . dot your i's . . . and Tacitus said after Aristotle—"

[A buzz hisses its way across the group. ONE awakes with a start].

ONE: Tush . . . Drivel. What does this student know about himself, let alone others? The general run of them are indolent, insatiate, impatient, otiose, inconsistent, obsequious, apathetic.



willy-nilly, hedonistic, popular—, sieve—and amusement minded, adolescent to distraction, flighty, fickle, flaccid, flatulent, fatuous, mercenary, unwilling to learn even the elements except by trickery, eschewers of rationality, and usually incompatible with decent teaching. Socially, they are precocious, ruthless boycotters, with a pinch of sophistication whilst they think themselves weltering in it. Academically, they are dilettantes and sciolists, their superficialities arising from an absence of alacrity, industry, honor, persistence, anomaly, ability, integrity, modesty, celerity, courtesy or any form of sedulousness or ambition, except as it concerns fame and an enviable situation.

SIX: From which we gather that J. K. Jerome meant the student when he wrote: "I like work. It fascinates me. Sometimes I can sit and watch it for hours."

THREE: [*wears a white goatee. Dreamily*]. Of students, Emerson agreed with the Swiss, Pestalozz—

FOURTEEN: [*a rare sort of instructor*]. But, gentlemen, we can't all prosecute the students for being young. How can we get a clear picture of college without mirrors? I believe that Shaw (you see, I even select a student author) meant the teacher when he wrote: "... a man of great common sense and good taste, meaning thereby a man without originality or moral courage."

NOISES [*except ONE, who is asleep again*] "Eh!" "Treason, Sir!" "La, the man is mad."

EIGHT: Well, FOURTEEN, if you hate your associates, why not pack off for your balmy shores?

FOURTEEN: No one spoke of hate. I merely criticized. Teachers are such lovers of contentment that they never listen to criticism once anyone is silly enough to listen to their thousand-hand stuff. You think the kids under you are hollow-headed brats, but I'd take their ounces of silly honesty before your tons of affected and stolen wisdom.

ONE: [*wakening and resuming at once*] The main trouble is that colleges are still filled for social instead of mental reasons, just as in Henry Adams' time. Students are too inane to be sardonic, derisive, argumentative, or to possess the aggressive unrest that shows mental existence. Like poodles—

FOURTEEN: Don't try to be clever, ONE. You flop as completely as the rest. I listened to your lecture one morning. Like the mellifluous spouting of an unctuous super-salesman, or a Senate megaphone—

ONE: [*continuing*] Their kiddish megalomania—

FOURTEEN: And the professor's premature senility—

SIX: Make the university the nation's mightiest delusion.

ZERO: Ladies, la-um-gentlemen. Come. This imbroglio. Let's drop these asininites and try to find some grounds for such student iconoclasm.

FOURTEEN: I wager the writer can back every word. He is thinking. That's what you can never recognize or have time to tolerate in your pupils. If we were used to listening to occasional student sentiments—

ZERO: But, my splendid fellow, most of this is preposterous. Are teachers [*reading*] "mendacious"?

FOURTEEN: Yes. They swear by much that they do not be-

lieve, and talk readily of the truth, when no one knows the truth about what is worthwhile.

ZERO: "Stagnant"?

FOURTEEN: Chiefly because they never knew, learned from, or believed in women. The doctor's degree also nurses in its share of mental lethargy.

ZERO: "Guilelessly pellucid"?

FOURTEEN: Precisely. Even the simple students see through the pedagogical infra-stratagems of the men who were so taken with school that they kept on going until the outermost fence (protecting the asylum from life) was reached, and then doubled back to begin the respectable career of colorless querist.

ZERO: "Like clerks . . . hired for a salary"?

FOURTEEN: The case I have against teachers is not that they fall below what should be par, but that they live lives of miserable pretension. When I pity people, I naturally despise them. I despise pedagogues because they are "above" their labors. The university is exclusively for the student, and as soon as the peacocks who prance about with glazed, cryptic expressions come to earth and see themselves as second fry, the institution will parade forward. When men do something unpleasant for money, they are hired: we would be incredibly simple to actually enjoy the rank catechisms of our trade: therefore, we are laborers the same as clerks.



ONE: And now, kiddies and kittens and itsy-bitsy urchins, since the end of the fairy—

FOURTEEN: Wait! You weren't dozing then, ONE, because someone who won't fawn is yelping with his

head out of the mud. Let me tell you how to teach these so-called sieves to think. [*Heads perk up.*] Make them admire you as a man—not for what you have memorized of your specialty. If they respect your wisdom and confidence, they find something to envy, to desire. And all this before they have leafed a page of the subject they are to be exposed to. Bullying is the national educational practise of those who work for tawdry tangible results, those who take pride in their profession before their own selves. Wildfire inspiration is the method of teachers who are men first and instructors second.

ZERO: But—

(Continued on page 30)



# POLLYANNA

**N**OBODY BUT Pat Smeed ever saw all the things worth seeing on this campus. With a poppy for Pat's empty desk and a prayer for her subtle blessing, Aunt Polly dons the Oxford glasses. Harrumph!

The great ones come and pass on, but they leave echoes of their passing . . . on, not out. I mean—hello. Stew McLaughlin, for instance. After furnishing most of the tradition for the school for a couple of years, he marries Jeanette Schwengel on that Christmas trip to Hollywood. And not even the Pi Phis knew about it until they were found playing—double solitaire—in their apartment this June, with a month's rent paid and a good job for Stew in the offing.

There was a formal dinner this summer at the Armory. It was given by the officers of the Navy Reserve, and Sammy Givens was there with rather a neat job in a blue formal. There were large bowls of ice on the tables, and bottles of ginger-ale. When the last course was over, and the captain's bottle of Bourbon came out from under the table, we looked around for Sammy—you know, one last thrill before the vision got unsteady. But people, Sammy was gone. And he a Delt!

Oh, yes—about Delts. Tom Slater, it is presumed, is gathering data for his yearly chart of the woman's quadrangle. One to a house, four evenings to a femme. Except at the Chi O house.

Betty Freeman returned from dinner recently, and as she returned she taught her companion the steps and words of "Barnacle Bill the Sailor." Only, on the second verse the Kappa house mother came out to see about her front porch.

When Bill Conklin was in school, several years ago, he was the SAE's authority on calculus and the percentage of Thetas one might kiss during a single year. He is now the navy's authority on Canada champagne and ale, mixed. They don't mix, he says.

Al Haglund is still around—going out for politics this year, so the story goes.

And Thomas Ollive Mabbott, English

professor of hallowed memory, is the father of a daughter.

Mary Atwell tried the freshmen's representative at the Illinois Phi Gam house, but found him a bit used. Why, Mary, you are losing your technique.

Getting back to those of the vanished great, we have news of Bill Fetridge. He, whose hearty voice shook strong men and whose arms Delta Gammas have long fought for, is consistent, we find. He used to be connected with Hammer and Coffin. And now he is editing an embalmers' monthly. Doesn't he look grand in black!

A couple of Phi Psi pledges once took two Pi Phi pledges with them to the Sophomore Formal, very hasty arrangements having been made. One of the pledges, not well pleased, nevertheless killed the extra half-hour and his conscience by taking the wench to Wilmette harbor. This summer the pledges took *other* knockouts to the balloon room at the Drake one night. At the next table our pal saw his soph formal date, wearing the same dress. She was with another girl and a man. And she was drinking gin, with ginger-ale, he thought. She spoke to him. He was terribly embarrassed.

Al Raymond used to have a reputation. But the word has gone around the gray quadrangle that although he warms up nicely in the preliminary rounds, his kisses are sisterly.

Howard Vierow has launched the campus hangout. He being a bright boy, has done a beautiful job of the place. Personality, food,—cheap. As soon as the freshmen catch on, Vierow is set.

Politics among the Higher Learners: The Phi Delt, having Miller and Buntain in the Personnel Office, promised all their pauper rushees soft and remunerative jobs.

A thing like this will never happen again. It was during the freshman luncheon. All the group leaders, male and female, were circulating among the herds of quivering human flesh placed in the opposite corners of the floor. Leader A—male—would grab a freshman woman

and start for the middle of the floor; leader B—presumably female—would sidle up to a freshman and maneuver him to the center. B would see A; ensuing joyful reunion would result in a swapping of dances, and the value of co-education would dawn in another pair of hearts. Proceed to own corners and repeat. Dottie Verges was doing her duty by the freshman. She approached him and turned the eyelashes up—the same lashes that Sandy and Hal got a closeup of and the rest of the campus men gazed at in distant longing—what I mean is, she asked the freshman to dance. "No, thanks, I don't care to," he said. Dottie rallied bravely. "Any other girl you'd care to dance with?" "Yeah, got my eye on a little blonde now." "Wouldn't you like me to introduce you to her?" asked Dottie. And the freshman replied: "No, thanks, I'll handle my own women!"

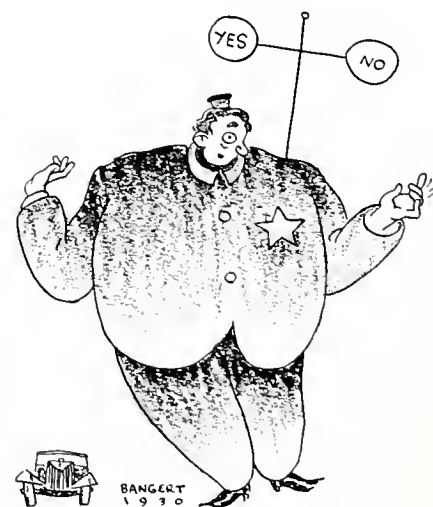
Campus gossip—without Pauline Alta Smeed! But Pat is gone—though her benediction remains, where she pointed it out. Safe in the mortar and cement of Harris Hall lobby it stands:

## THE MAKING OF MEN IS GREATER THAN THE MAKING OF EMPIRES

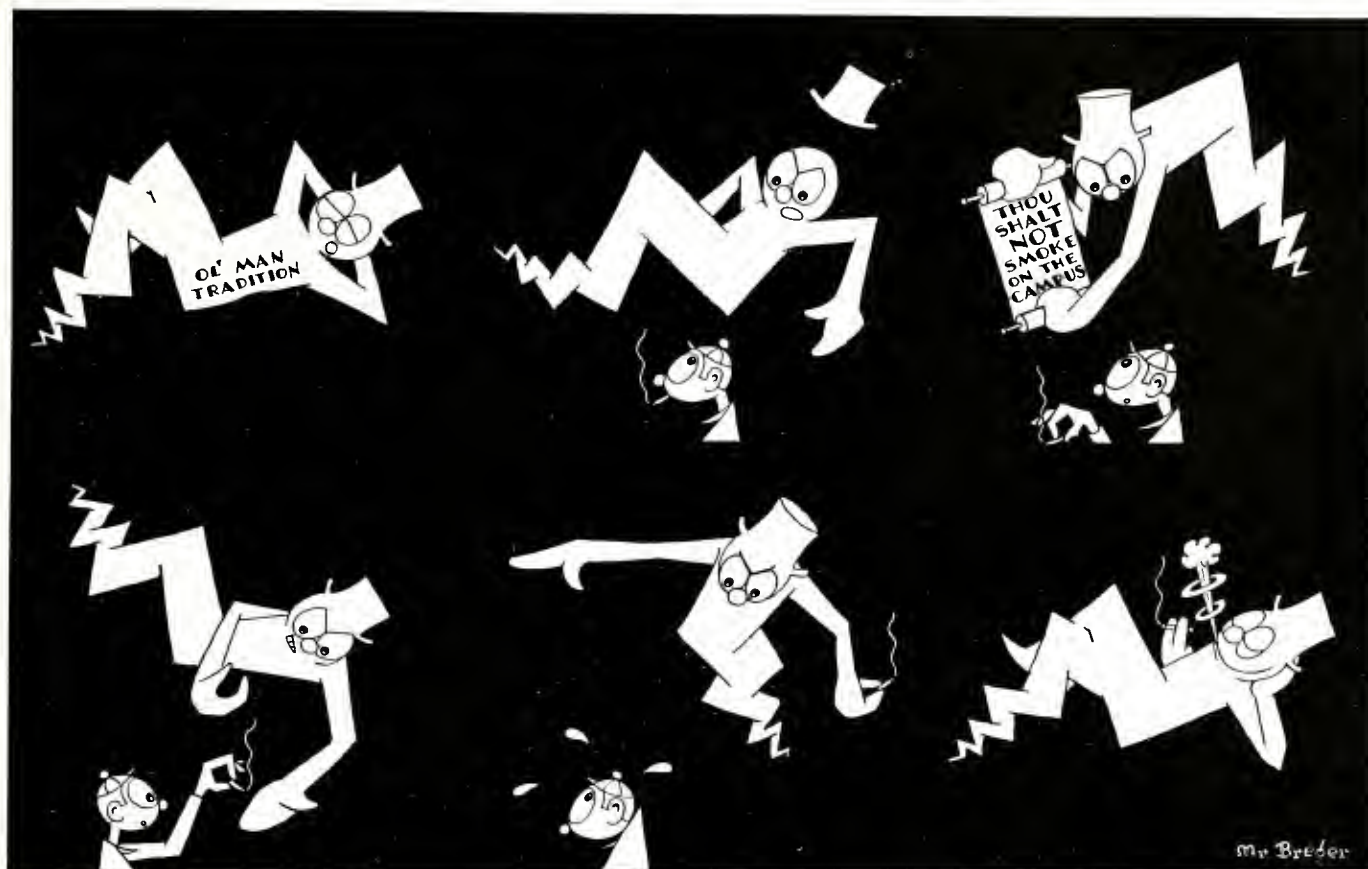
May Pat get her millionth soon, and may she keep her hands jolly well off my guy.

People, keep your eyes peeled. It's a queer place, this campus, and there's a lot that's worth seeing here, take it from

AUNT POLLY.



Just a big director from Hollywood.



## THE DUMB SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH

*(With apologies to nobody.)*

**G**ATHER 'ROUND you little bums, and Uncle Mox will spin a tale. Once upon a time—quit biting my leg, you little rat—a little boy was so dumb that he flunked out of college. No, it wasn't because he dated too much, or tried to drink the town dry—he was just dumb. Whenever he was called upon to recite by his profs he kept his mouth shut; he was just dumb.

So he became an alumnus of his alma mater, though he didn't know all the songs. For a couple of dollars he bought an airplane, and—if you poke me in the eye with that stick again I'll squash you so help me God—filled the tank with gas, and didn't stop flying till he saw lots of legs in Paris. Then all the people hollered "Hooray." Who are the people? They're the dumb guys, all the guys besides ourselves. The little boy was too dumb to say anything, so they

all called him "Our Hero" and gazed at him in awe. When he got back to Broadway more people hollered and got silly all over. They noticed he didn't say anything ever, so they brought out that old saw that silence is golden or wisdom or something, and made him president of some airplane firm. Even his alma mater which had disowned him now made him a Master or a Doctor of One Thing or Another.

That's not the end of the story yet, so don't push Izzy out the window. The little college boy who was kicked out of college because he was too dumb met a girl some place where spring comes oily. Though he thought she might belong to another phylum he let her marry him and in this way he attached himself to the Big Shots of the land. Her old man was one of the B. S., see? Ow—throw that ice pick away, dammit—anyway, in the natural course of events when his son and heir came forth, all the people looked at the stars and said he would be just like his old man, only some peo-

ple looked at the same stars and said they nosed something different. Well, that's off the scent so let's continue.

Then our dumb hero became old enough. He had kept his mouth shut all the time so as not to show his dumbness, and the people got busy again and made him President of the land. They figured he must be pretty wise, because he never showed his dumbness. He had the famous Silent Cal of bygone days beat by a horse's neck, though the both of them never did or said anything foolish because they never did or said anything at all. Only our hero said less and did less.

And then they made him President a second time. But then he opened his mouth: "My name isn't Geo. Washington and I don't want to be President again," and right away lapsed into silence. So they made him a judge in the Supreme Court and finally forgot about him. All right, you bums can beat it now—hey, bring that watch back.

MOX.



# THE NEW SHOW

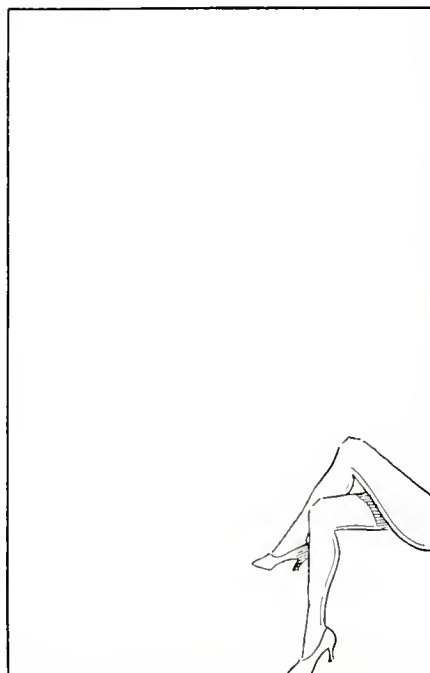
By A. A. EDELSON

THE SUMMER just passed was a completely dramaless, but by no means an undramatic period. The noble Chicago theater hobbled through another of its frequent crises, this time with dismal results that have endured. Those whose tender care warms and coddles the theatre for public favor were unusually munificent in edifying statements concerning the various innate incapacities of the talking picture and their (the producers') contemplated stratagems for consolidations, for reviving the road, for better and better productions, and even for luring Mary Pickford *et al* to legitimacy. Chicago's engrossing drama was the disheartening spectacle of a metropolis in the theatrical horse latitudes. Speculations into the next few years were mournful. Some people looked daggers when television was mentioned.

Statistically, of course, this off season was unprecedented. Since the fire, or the Civil War (or was it the Revolution?) Chicago has never been so drama-starved. Long ago I was intrigued with the flippant epigram about "liars, damned liars, and statisticians"; consequently I seldom bother about these too frequent legitimate inaccuracies. But with only one play here, a sexy comedy, one could have gone back to Genesis for an analogous summer in the theatre. As I write, drama lovers in Chicago may revel in two sex offerings, one nudish leg show and a prewar mystery chiller. A study of the economic depression may help some commenters to diagnose the situation, but it doesn't explain why even during the mosquito month Ravinia could not seat everyone, why thousands, at \$1-\$6, flocked every day to the air show, why mobs fought wildly to watch the Cubs. Perhaps some naïvely honest soul may yet intimate that the plays we

get are as flat and empty as native purses.

The talking picture, contrariwise, is sprouting to perfection. Ravenously it has laid hands on the music, dancing and burlesque of the live stage and has even gone a step in the wrong direction in the cinematization of drawing-room stories. Movie gourmands, not to be satisfied by development in their tremendous field, must needs work with plays suited to the limits of the stage. Evidently Hollywood means to fight this business opponent, standards of art remaining where they are.



Drama of a summer's night for 3,500,000 Chicagoans.

First, let us try to limit the screen. The best pictures I see, as a rule, are German and Russian, occasionally French. All of them would be better with sound, and a few with dialog. They deal with masses, angular or contrasting photog-

raphy, close-up pantomime, universal emotions. This month the pleasure was given me of again seeing the late Mr. Chaney in his master part, the hunchback Quasimodo. One readily conceives the reasons for his refusal to talk in the movies until a year or so before his death. The quiet, powerful performance of pantomime brings the actor to a meticulous precision, a simplicity in keeping with the inherent remoteness of the screen figures themselves. The silent artistry of Mr. Chaplin made him one of the few American comedians and the only American screen-actor almost unanimously appreciated by critics.

Before sound was introduced, the ambition of many directors was to fashion a picture without words. But when the actor learned to talk, the director laid his ambition aside and allowed the actor to pour out in words what he could easily say in motions. Twenty years ago Gordon Craig argued that it is easier to comprehend through the eye than the ear. If the talkies strike out in this direction and remove all extraneous dialog, most of the stories that it attempts to use now will revert to the stage, which will then be close to where it was in 1930.

*Lost Sheep* (Selwyn), a farce with the cross-purpose of Plautus, has a funny story, which may or may not seem comfortably humorous until somewhere in act two. A clergyman and wife, with three virtuous daughters, rent a quondam harlotry in Middlesex. The enterprising landlord, a semi-cockney in a brown bowler, makes one change in the furnishings; he removes, after considerable to-do, a conspicuous *objet d'art* entitled "Judy in all her bare perfection." Later, the picture is brought to the front and a discussion of its merits resumed, this time between a vicar and a lubricious nobleman.

Readily we see that the clergyman's family consist of a "madam" and three "girls," admirably suited to "Oh, she's busy upstairs" and such sort of unconscious wit. An uproarious last act adds sparkle to the mediocrity of the first two acts. Miss Sidney Fox plays the ingenue like a young artist, and Cecilia Loftus has ample opportunity to show how aberration soothes a parisher's wife when she is called "Duchess."



"But you've got to belong to a fraternity to be a big man on the campus. Take me for instance . . ."

## PURITY FROM PEKIN, ILLINOIS

**N**ATURALLY PURITY would go to Northwestern. Didn't Henry Jones go there? Played on the football team, or something.

Purity remembered the time Hank—she coyly invented the nickname when she lived next door on Charlotte Street—rowed her in the park. Far out in the middle of the lake, she wept softly.

"Please take me back, Hank. The farther we get from shore, the weaker I get."

He grinned coyly as his oar struck the bottom of the lake.

"Gosh, I'd like to take you out on Lake Michigan."

Only a schoolgirl memory—but she never forgot. And now she was really going to college! She would become sophisticated and very wicked. She might even—she shuddered at the mere thought—she might smoke a cigarette! She bit her small pink lip firmly. No, she would retain her lofty ideals through every temptation.

Her first night at college. . . .  
"Tonight, little girl, I'm showing you some of the high life."

Hank's shoulders were gorgeous in the chapter tux. He gently hurled her into a waiting cab containing only five other couples. Purity and her football hero disentangled themselves at a suspicious-looking door.

"Sh—this is the Tribune building," Hank whispered.

"Oh, Henry!" Purity awed.

"And this is an elevator."

His breath was coming swifter now, and she could feel his heartbeats through his thin collar.

Up—up—up—they went. Then down—sinking abruptly, only to go up again. Down—Up—Down—Up . . . At each ascent the handsome gridiron star grew more hilarious. He laughed wildly, tore off his collar, leaped far off the floor of the elevator. This was high life—the high, clean indoor sport of the college man.

Purity, the innocent bootlegger from Pekin, Illinois, now knew what is meant by higher learning.

F. A. G.

## UNIVERSITY DEFINED

BY THE MAGAZINE TYPE OF CO-ED: Mundane paradise where love (O, sweet and subtle pain) blossoms from every tree, in every walk, at every dance.

BY THE MAGAZINE TYPE OF CO-ED BACK IN HER ELEMENT: 'S jush a helluva good chime, wit' the gals fixin' parties and blazin' away at the middle of the candle.

BY THE POPULAR CO-ED: Mundane paradise where love (O, sweet and subtle pain) blossoms from every tree, in every walk, at every dance.

BY THE POPULAR CO-ED (five years afterward): Without your fancy talk, it's the place where I staked a claim on this washed-up male potato here.

BY THE UNPOPULAR CO-ED: Legitimized purgatory.

BY THE LIBERAL ARTS STUDENT: Where I found happiness in business.

BY THE COMMERCE STUDENT: Where I found happiness in business.

BY THE PROFESSOR: Rouged knees, vacant staring, and classroom snoring.

BY HIS MAX, PREXY: Eighteen million . . . twenty million. Now listen, Dean, you'll have to cut down on this sending home 300 students in one month. Please look at the purses with more discrimination. We had a perfect 14,000 last week.

BY THE DICTIONARY: Institution of learning by instruction and study. (Hasn't the Camel's Co. shown how wrong Webster can be?)

A young co-ed had a boy friend who was door-man at one of the movie palaces. One day she took her little brother to the movies. Despite her boy friend's invitation to let her and her little brother in free she insisted on paying for the little brother.

"Will twenty-five cents be enough for little Jackie?" she asked.

"Sure," responded her boy friend, "half price for kids in short pants."

"O, now I know why you never have to pay at all!" trilled forth the little brother to his big sister.

Naval Reserve Sergeant (or whatever they are in the navy) to Freshman recruit: "How yah wantcha suit—too big or too small?"

**FRESHMAN**

Man has existed for tens of thousands of years with a brain different from the ~~other~~ apes. His bones are preserved in age-old rocks. Today his body is preserved in aged-in-the-wood alcohol. (Teacher's joke - do not study for quiz.)

He became civilized when he discovered fire and weapons and started killing animals and other men. At first his powers of speech were ~~diminut~~ ~~down~~ small, but soon he could communicate with his fellow men and they scattered ~~and wandering~~.

**JUNIOR**

Chem - Sept 24

- Elam of Clay-by Foster.
- College Chem — "Navall. Lab manual
- Chem deals with prop & rules — espase  
with changes where subst rep or united,  
& conditions which — the hell with it.  
Get notes from Yootch. What time you got?
- What a bunch of old  
spunksters in those  
science courses, what?
- Lab Equipment.
- Think the Parrot  
could use this?  
They take any-  
thing anyway.
- What time?  
Hell!
- Dawn!
- What time you  
got?
- I govt  
on the  
only to  
cfo
- Greenleaf 225x
- WHEE! WHO?  
HAW! HOOVER HAS  
NO MUSTACHE  
FORGET IT  
Hell - ten minutes  
yet?

**SOPHOMORE**

English ~~History~~  
Wed. Sept. 23.  
Read Chaucer's Canterbury Tales  
story including pronunciation.  
Born 1340 B.C. A.D.  
Died 1400 B.C. A.D.  
There's his home  
MR. GEOFFREY H. CHAUCER  
How's it?  
Chaucer shows what could be done with the short story but a century of silence followed.  
Chaucer was the father of English poetry. His great imagination, his great insight and sympathy have  
look at his first story in the first class.  
Boy what a pair!  
aw look again!  
you're pretty-kind  
Sorry, try  
Carlson Cleaner  
What did he say just before? What! 1500 words?  
Why the damn slave-monger!  
"The Psychological Aspects of Chaucer," hand in next week.  
Say can you let me have a couple  
Say this pen of yours is lousy - why don't you buy good one. See, I told you.  
No that's not the same. a can.  
DAMN  
What time you got?

# SENIOR

Psych - Sep 25

- List of outside reading: *~~~~~*  
 Sleep on Oct. 24 - get box cigars.  
 Most import guy of year - get 2 boxes.  
 You take notes today - & I'll take 'em next time - maybe tonight I will - honest!  
 Jigger - he's looking over here  
 What time you got? Damn!  
 Sh! Look at that girl near the window - uh - too late!  
 AH!  
 Greenleaf 2120  
 " Greenleaf 2365  
 " 2414  
 What time is it?  
 Picked up a hot Frosh Pup - Boy O boy - no sex - no introductions!  
 (Say - answer for me - have Monkey - will you?)  
 Photo of a complex - HEH! HEH! Never took an art lesson either!  
 Belle Dore  
 Say - how many kinds of milk are there? I want to know how many goats to put on this cow.  
 Thank



"See that woman there? Well, once she was a wild and vicious woman, but now I've got her eating right out of my wallet."



Another one about our noted psychiatrist Dr. Morgan. It seems he received a letter from one of his numerous women patients which read: "Dear Dr. Morgan—Every night I dream that I am in China. What does that show?"

Without the slightest hesitation Dr. Morgan made answer: "Dear Madam—It shows you are in a disordered state." If this doesn't click at first or second reading pass on to the next outburst of wit.

A co-ed stepped into Chandler's, that House of Philanthropy, and said: "I want some note-book paper with three holes in it."

Asked the clerk: "On which side are the holes?"

Answered the co-ed: "O, they're on the front of the paper and go all the way through to the back."

"Sir, in view of the fact that the magazine entrusted in your care has been completely filled with questionable jokes, the Board requests your resignation. Have you anything to say?"

"Hell, those jokes weren't questionable. Everybody understood them all right."

Zoology prof: "Today I shall lecture on wading birds: take the stork for example—well, Mr. Jones, what are you laughing at?"

"Ha, ha, I know there really isn't any stork."

Student (translating passage in German class): "I fell to the ground humbly and clasped her by the knee— and that's as far as I got, Professor Hatfield."

"You're not living at the Phi Delt house any more?"

"No, I stayed five weeks and then found out they have no bath-tub."

Freshman in chem lab (to instructor): "I got the copper residue in Ex. 7 and guess how much it weighed."

"Five grams?"

"No."

"Seven grams?"

"No."

"Ten grams?"

"No."

"Well, how much, then?"

"I don't know, I didn't weigh it."



"O, you'll have to turn back—I left the water running in the basin."

# A SOPHOMORE UNBUTTONS HERSELF

**T**HERE COMES a time every week when I have to write a theme. I won't do it. I hate the word. Anyway we shouldn't force ourselves to displease week after week. Look what it does to your psychology, or inhibitions, or something.

But I don't care, I like Mr. Havelock Ellis anyway. I once read in a newspaper an interview with a stage actress who quoted freely from Mr. Ellis, so I think I at least can think freely of him. He is scientific and not a bore, and mainly for the last qualification I would like to meet him. I like older men. I mean they look at you in that experienced way, full of confidence, and understand so matter-of-factly. Now, look at all the people who would be straight bores if we were not prejudiced in their favor. I have to put up with my sisters for four years, so I try like the devil to be interested in their soliloquies. (Of course you know that a sorority conversation is made up of two or more soliloquies.) The girls are all right if you know them, but who the devil knows them?

Girls always try to look happy. This world is a happy place, though, if you stay away from what is supposed to cheer it up. Love, for instance, was put in to make most of the pain. Now, look at the blissful prospect every young woman has of meeting her Jack Barrymore. But squint your eyes and lo! he has grey hair, a pretty wife, and a baby. When a woman marries for love she will rue the day; and if she marries into raptureless contentment she will lose weight for the thought of what love could have done to her. I think it is better to wish in vain for your cake, than to one day discover it's sour cheese. This may sound like Margot Asquith or Marie Bashkirtseff, whom I recently read, but they are my own reflections.

Now, what shall I write about? No more of the easy subjects of love and college; but, dear teacher, if I take the college out of you, what and where are you, and if you take the love out of me, where and what am I? Love is the stuff out of which dreams come, and college is too silly-practical a place to learn, so how can we join these opposites on common ground? Take teachers, for instance. Teachers of English would be better to listen to if they would stop trying to please. Most of them are too courteous, so that either they must have warped their emotions somewhere down the line and are no good anymore, or they are hypocrites. And the young ones who try to dress like prosperous seniors look *so sil-ly*.

Hay fever is enough to make us lose faith in a Creator (or at least to git rid of the done-to-death subject of college). Some people sell a rhapsody in a daisy, and some get a weakening tickle in the nose and lachrymose—yes, sir, lachrymose—optics. After all, is Wordsworth a good poet to a man with hay fever? Whitman, from what I hear, should be taken after marriage. Because if young women get his contented feeling, none of them would want to wear tight dresses.

Teachers never laugh at me. This is an insult because they treat me like a baby who will cry if she is told the truth. Sometimes they smile like doctors. But who ever heard of a teacher stopping the class with his laughter at some crazy mistake? Good-humored teachers make me feel how little they think of me, but none ever has given me the satisfaction of letting me actually know. Therefore, when we leave college we are upholstered with feathers and are prepared for little more than a grasshopper's breath.

I must be the average sort of college girl. I have hopes and ambitions. I don't want to bury myself in marriage. Yet how many see this? Most people remember my simpers and snickers and place me in stories as goo-goo eyed and love-mad, and call me "Good little Sal—everybody's gal." Any wonder then that my artistic visions, my secret hopes are laughed to death?



When I write rabid poetry to a campus hero, he shows it to every person who can read. When I try to be independent for a spell and excite notice to my schemes, I'm as hermetized as Miss Halitosis. I do not exist unless I am silly. Everyone expects everyone else to keep going to dances and parties. Yet when the dance is over I usually feel that some other girl had the fellow I should have been with, but at once I hop right into the plans and work for the next party.

I have found caressing (isn't this a better word?) a good time-killing college game. The main trouble is that the girls are too competitive and usually try to make the boy get serious, while the boys in the game are almost unanimously dumb. Girls are raised to get the man through admiration for feminine charms, but I think a great many of them would rather make a catch with mental superiority. But young women have very little faith (and doesn't even my experience justify this?) in a young man's ability to appreciate the girl's highly developed intelligence. They are forced to primp, and paint, and wear form dresses, and practise wiles and surprised glances in order to get the boys through their love of entertainment. Meanwhile, the men consider themselves undeniably wiser. But why go on—what's the use? None.

Clare August.



# THE REGISTRATION OF REGINALD

A Tragedy

## SCENE I

(Friday, 8:00 A.M. The curtain rises, showing Reginald at the rear of a crowd of seventeen hundred students, all crushing madly toward a single narrow door, behind which a person holding a key looks out and smirks broadly. Reginald makes a desperate attempt to break through, then turns toward the audience with a wild look, foaming slightly about the mouth.)

REGINALD (shrieking): I want to get in! I have to get in! (Curtain.)

## SCENE II

(Saturday, 1:30 P.M. The curtain rises for a brief moment, showing Reginald alone before the door, almost prostrate with fatigue. The door opens slowly, and he staggers through. Curtain.)

## SCENE III

(The curtain rises, showing Reginald standing before a desk over which hangs a card marked "Advisor." He is at the end of a line of sixteen students. The curtain drops for a moment, showing the lapse of fifty-seven minutes. As it rises,

Reginald approaches the desk, and receives the fishy stare of the Advisor.)

ADVISOR (speaking with much rounding and waving of the lips): YOU . . . are a . . . FRESHMAN? Then you . . . will take . . . English! You . . . will . . . take Chemistry! You . . . will take . . . GREEK!!

REGINALD: But I . . .

ADVISOR (interrupting with a fierce scowl): GREEK!! And MATHEMATICS!!! (He snorts, and glares from under his eyebrows.)

REGINALD: But . . .

ADVISOR (waving him to silence): Don't argue! Write! English, three hours! Mathematics, three hours! Chemistry, five hours!! Greek, five hours!! Get 'em initialed now, and come back here. (Waves him away. Curtain.)

## SCENE IV

(The curtain rises, showing Reginald standing before a desk marked "English." A sallow person in spectacles takes his card and glares at it.)

PERSON: Section five is closed! Sections three, and eight, and seventeen are closed! All the sections are closed!!!

REGINALD: But . . .

PERSON: You can go in section eighteen, at eight o'clock Tuesday, Thursday

and Saturday. It only gives one hour credit. (Scribbles on his card defiantly, and thrusts it at him. The curtain drops for a moment, and rises on the same scene, with the sign changed to "Chemistry." A small, bald man peers at Reginald, and takes his card.)

MAN: Section six is closed. But we'll put you in section thirteen. Every day at four o'clock, laboratory Tuesday and Thursday at six, and quiz sections Sunday afternoon from two until nine. Glad to have you with us. (He beams at Reginald and grasps his hand fraternally. The curtain drops for a moment, and again rises on the same scene, with the sign now reading "Greek." A thick, plain girl takes his card and dimples at him.)

GIRL: Oh, how nice! We shall have a man in the class. (Confidentially.) You know, we thought that there might be just us eleven girls, because Professor Shanks just despises men in his class. But it is really the nicest class. We meet Monday at seven, Tuesday at nine, Wednesday at eleven, and so on, and we have the happiest social discussions every evening at the seminar. You'll love it, I know. (She scribbles on his card, and he turns away, his shoulders drooping with fatigue. Curtain.)

## SCENE V

(Same as Scene II, at the advisor's desk. Reginald approaches, lays the card on the table, and tries to speak.)

ADVISOR (getting the jump on him): Aha! So you're back already! Here, take these cards and fill them out, quick. It's getting late! (Curtain drops, showing a lapse of one hour and forty-nine minutes. Reginald returns to the desk, carrying an armful of cards and staggering under their weight.)

REGINALD: Here they are, Sir, but . . .

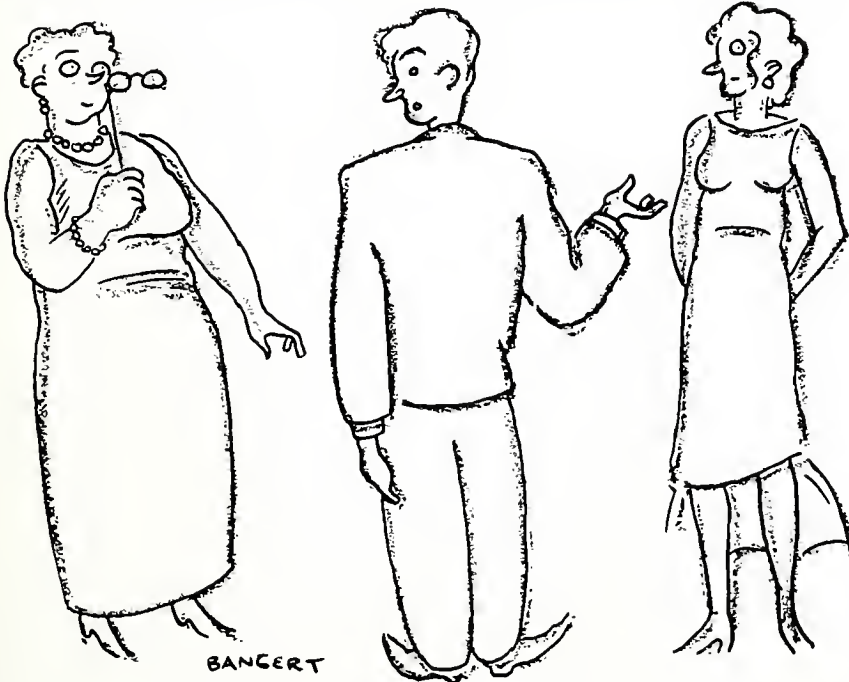
ADVISOR (interrupting): Here, take this and go over to that line. They'll give you your bill. That's all.

REGINALD (Blurting out the whole sentence at once, in desperation): But, Sir, I wanted to take mechanical drawing in night school, and they said I should see you about it.

ADVISOR (wearily): Well, why didn't you say so?

(Curtain)

Paul Culp



"Mrs. Manybux, I'd like to marry your daughter."  
"Do you love her?"  
"Let's not change the subject."

## HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

TO ALL FRESHMEN:

We, the students, faculty and alumni of this institution of higher learning, realizing the ever present pitfalls confronting our endearing future associates, wish to collaborate in a short, advisory essay, dedicated to those green be-decked individuals who are divorced from the home tie on this first occasion and who still carry the last mental fragments of a dog's parting wag and a sow's breath of devotion.

As the Kangaroo summons its litter to the fold and as the blotter absorbs the spilled ink, so shall we summon you to our fold and offer advice (which you may or may not absorb), relative to the ways and means of acquiring a higher education and gaining the fellowship of those individuals who are influential in the granting of a sheep skin.

Since the days of Aesop, that famous sage and philosopher, mankind has spent too much time at work and too little time at play. So, first of all, let us warn you freshmen as we have warned fore-going generations against the evils of mental and physical exertion.

A mind that is sluggish and taxed with academic thought is incapable of penetrating the wide scope of a co-ed's vocabulary and subtle remarks. Again, the body that is fatigued with the rigors of dish water and dish towels cannot dart in and out of a fast stepping cabaret crowd, and, after all, what girl lives that can take the lead to "Piccolo Pete" or "Tiger Rag."

Now for the inevitable subject of victuals in the class room. As a concise and concrete statement, let us say that there is nothing more effective for stirring the eloquence of imagination of a Ph. D. than the lingering aroma of a half baked hamburger and the crunch of Swedish hard tack between upper and lower bicuspid. So much for that.

The writer recalls a controversy between a student and professor a few years ago. It seems that the professor objected strenuously to the practice of sleeping in the class room. The student, however, averred that he subscribed to that particular course upon advise from cer-

tain of his colleagues that this Ph. D. in discussion possessed soporific qualities in his speech such as had never been heard before from either class room or pulpit.

He maintained, therefore, that he did not intend giving up such a satisfying recreation merely because the professor desired an active class of twenty, instead of only nineteen.

The professor, in a long and sorrowful statement of indignation, said that he might, after all, forgive the defendant for the practice of an eleven o'clock snooze (which resulted in the complete cessation of conscious life), and might even overlook the Indian Tom-Tom effect of his adnoidal breathing. All that he might forgive, he said, but, when the defendant emitted so loud a whistle that the rest of the students thought the hour was up, he thought he had reason to complain. However, if the reader will refer to case No. 666 in Boy's Law, a decision will be found for the defendant.

We also have a word to say on the well known art of drinking. Now, reader, I am sure that you will agree with me that the proper place for guzzling is not in the class room. It is indeed lamentable if a student cannot finish his

little "snack" in the corridor or wash room before coming into class.

Last but not least, we come to the subject of women. As an introductory statement let us say that a freshman should date no one but a senior woman and she should be one of high standing in various phases of college and domestic life. A freshman should also see to it that his dates all have cars of generous proportion. As Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death." Furthermore, we advise you newcomers to go fifty-fifty on expenses because the girls get tired of paying it all. So far as necking is concerned, let every man paddle his own raft, but don't forget those vital words of the war of 1492, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Good Luck!

A. K.

What's happened to that good old wise-crack: "With a voice like yours you should be in the movies"?

Professor Herskovitz, famed anthropologist, in heated address: "Take the French, for example; take the Germans; take the Scotch—"

Seven voices from rear: "I'll take the Scotch!"



"They say it was love at first sight with her."  
"Yes, first sight at his new Rolls-Royce."

# BOOKS OF THE MONTH

## I LIVED THIS STORY

Betty White

(Doubleday, Doran, and Co.)

A NOVEL rather handicapped by the melodramatic title. Nevertheless, the story should carry particular appeal for N. U. students, primarily Kappas, Thetas, and the like, since its setting takes place thinly disguised in one of the sacred sororities of Northwestern. Half the book is of fair merit; the remaining half is little more than stereotyped hack-writing. There is no sharp separation between the two halves, but for purposes of convenience this review will treat the book as consisting of two defined portions.

Portion the first is sustained by a seemingly personal inspiration: a cynical, unillusioned—or disillusioned—view of college vs. life; and though it is in part a trite rehashing of “what’s wrong with our educational system,” there is some really good stuff to be found—primarily, the ruthless baring of the fundamental hypocrisy underlying the college sorority. The sorority has usually been portrayed in sloppily sentimental and goody-goody fashion; Miss White is to be commended here; instead, she has lost her Kappa pin.

Portion the second degenerates rapidly into as cheap and banal a sex story as can be found by the hundreds in the Confessions magazines. Obviously, the story has been cruelly prolonged so that it may boast a sufficiency of pages as befits the correct best seller; half its life is lived naturally, then loses its original inspiration, and rather than retire gracefully it blunders along aimlessly by the aid of artificial respiration. Finally it reaches its long-delayed ending, a puerile ending smacking of Pollyanna—the conventional American ending.

The first portion of the book represents true insight and experience, and the irony

of college is strongly shown. The second portion, for want of excuse for existence, is a timid attempt at lampooning the grimmer realities of life. Unfortunately, Miss White is, in point of years, rather immature to cope with such heroic stuff; the attempt becomes pathetically naive and shallow, and fails hopelessly; the sophistication of life she strives to represent is a superficial pseudo-sophistication that merely glitters artificially.

I. B.

## YEARS OF GRACE

Margaret Ayer Barnes

(Houghton, Mifflin)

YEARS OF GRACE is too old, according to the rapidly shifting terms of popularity, to be classed among “books of the month,” but it is certainly one of the few books worth the reading that the past summer brought out.

The heroine, Jane Ward, grows up in a Chicago in which the World’s Fair, bicycle picnics and highly respectable cottillions are the objects of her youthful interest. Young ladies in the nineties always obeyed their parents dutifully, and so when father and mother object to Jane’s first and only real love affair, she quietly acquiesces and marries Stephen Carner, of the impeccably correct Boston Carners. Guided by some sense of good taste and the fitness of things, she denies herself the charming love of a third man, and preserves the ordered peace of her marriage. At the end, from the vantage point of fifty years Jane watches the efficient young men and women who are her children boldly manage their lives, and she wonders whether her own inner sense of grace and dignity is an adequate compensation for her sacrifices. The novel ends on a note of interrogation, neither pointing a moral nor passing judgment.

Josephine O’Brien.

## PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS AMERICAN

Matthew Josephson

(Harcourt, Brace, and Company.)

“I FEEL I am an exile here,” wrote Melville from his self-willed obscurity. According to Mr. Josephson’s interesting essay, this is a choice sentiment among literary artists who, unfortunately, are born American. With a professed melancholy, he tells of the forced flight of Henry James, “the novelist’s novelist;” Henry Adams’ fitful search for perfection; Whistler in London; Ambrose Bierce’s adventurous violence ending in Mexican warfare; Lafcadio Hearn teaching in Japan; and Stephen Crane’s spasmodical finish in England. Mr. Josephson’s penchant for arguing the case of those who escaped America’s hostility makes him lose sympathy for men like Whitman, Twain and Howells, who adapted their literature and lives to the energetic, competitive and soulless reign of the machine.

Whitman mystically sentimentalized about pioneers, business, and even imperialism, and championed his country’s thin-coated democracy by clamoring for a break from Europe’s superior culture. Twain’s attack on Europe, “his aggressive common sense, popular derision of culture, and impatience with traditions” are shown to have probably been the covering of a life-long sorrow. And Howells, in constant subjection to James, is painted in an unusual mediocrity and humility.

There is much in the book to interest students of late American literature. The failure of the Concord Transcendentalists, the beginning of the horror vogue by Poe and Hawthorne, and the abortive lives of Melville and Emily Dickinson are explained with a thorough-going lucidity. A singularly honest tone runs through the book until Mr. Josephson tacks on his happy ending, a vista of better times ahead. Perhaps the machines will be prettified . . . only simple souls believe the present increase in noise will continue . . . maybe a Humanistic revival will round out the fully developed American . . . and other reflections designed to lighten the somber note of the book proper.

A. A. E.



# PARROTINGS

Two girls were ambling down the avenue.

"Oh, your bloomers fell," said one.

"Thanks," said her friend, "I might have lost them!"

"And to think that you just bought them, too," replied the first, as she picked up the package and handed it to her.

*Sour Owl.*

Little Oswald (in the presence of the family circle plus a few additions):

"No! I don't wanna kiss Miss Jones—she slapped Daddy for doing it."

*Dirge.*

Have you ever ridden in a steeplechase?

Yes. I'm so good they always let me drag the steeple.

*Wampus.*

Diner: My bill, please.

Waiter: What did you have?

Diner: I don't know.

Waiter: Hash is thirty-five cents.

*Ranger.*

"How old are you, little man?"

"Damned if I know, mister. Mother was twenty-six when I was born, but now she's only twenty-four."

*Dirge.*

She: "How dare you, with your scandalous past, propose to me? It wouldn't take much for me to throw you downstairs and turn the dogs on you!"

He: "Am I to take that as a refusal then?"

*Burr.*

## IN OLD GREECE

Tailor: Euripides?

Customer: Yah, Eumenides?

*Malteaser.*

Gov. Pinchot (delivering address): "This country needs to be made forest-conscious. I'll wager that not a person here has ever done a thing to prevent destruction of our vast forests."

Proverbial Voice: "Sir, I've shot woodpeckers."

*Punch Bowl.*

"Herb, we need another man for this party. Do you want to go out?"

"Sure."

"Have you the inclination?"

"And how?"

"How's your technique?"

"Great."

"And your hands?"

"Fine."

"Great, we need a piano player."

*Punch Bowl.*

"No, Cuthbert, a coquette is not a small Coca-Cola."

*Punch Bowl.*

"Are you following me?" queried the lecturer as he fell out of the window.

"No, sir!" answered the class, and rushed for the door.

*Siren.*

## THE STUDENT

Behold the student—

He riseth up early in the morning

And disturbeth the household—

Mighty are his preparations.

He goeth forth full of hope.

When the day is far spent he returneth,

Stained with fountain-pen ink, and

The knowledge is not in him.

*Swan.*

College graduates don't have to attend homecoming celebrations to see their old classmates. They hold reunions in front of employment agencies every few weeks.

*Whirlwind.*

Was our roommate mean—why the only time he laughed was when the landlady fell in the furnace.

*Whirlwind.*

A school magazine is a great invention.

The school gets all the fame.

The printer gets all the money.

The staff gets all the blame.

*Burr.*

"There," murmured the assassin as he stabbed the senator in his bed, "there's one politician who has been pinned down to something."

*Pitt Panther.*

CRYING NEEDS, OR NEEDS ANYWAY.

The old Italian form of salutation for taxi drivers, bell-boys, cloak room attendants, and other servitors, with the outstretched palm down instead of up.

A new signal for motorists meaning "I am coming back this way later on."

Telephone operators with guilty consciences.

A new golf club with some sort of hook on the end to enable one to play his lost ball from the pocket of his cadie.

Referees and umpires with shorter hair which, therefore, will not fall over their eyes.

False doorbells for canvassers and solicitors.

*Phoenix.*

Professor (at end of lecture): "All right men, carry out your dead."

*Puppet.*

The Monk (at Spanish Inquisition): "For mercy sake, tear his tongue out—his groans are breaking my heart."

*Mercury.*

She: Can you drive with one hand?

He: You bet!

She: Then have an apple.

*Mercury.*

## POST MORTEM

His teeth were kept so very clean  
Because he used my Listerine,  
And highly polished, white and chaste  
When he had used my Colgate's paste.  
"My Forhan's cleaned them for awhile,  
My Dr. Lyon's gave them style,  
My Dr. Stratford's made them gleam—  
He used my every kind of cream.  
He was my roommate once so dear,  
I'm glad he died of pyorrhea.

*Mercury.*

## HELL, HOWLED HEPZIBAH, THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED

"Pull down that shade, little girl, it looks like a blind." "This is a grave matter," sputtered the spectre in a spirited tone, "but it's no vault of mine," "says witch?" "You're going to hell for this," fired the fiend, incensed at the burning question, "don't faggot that."

*Lampoon.*

Purple Parrot note: Sounds fuelish, what?



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(Continued from page 17)

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FOURTEEN: Wait! Since we feel that most students are cut out for parrottry, and since imitation of charmless things is difficult, why not lighten the task at both ends? Mesmerize the children, surround them with your teaching by showing your streak of man, if it still exists. They'll swamp you with their instinctive desire to learn, and burn their hungry flames of curiosity into your eye-pits. The power and life of youth—

[ONE *deliberately snores.*]

FOURTEEN: —will amaze you, gentlemen, if you free it of your sedatives. Quit complaining and try to help. Give an occasional rhapsody instead of a lesson. Don't bully with marks.

ZERO: [*perfunctorily*] Complaints in order.

ONE: [*cut partly to the hide*] FOURTEEN lately read that everything of importance is begun and achieved by the singeing blood of youth. Lushmushtush. He has gone beyond remaining a child at heart; he is still a babbling baby in soul. He is wet behind the brain and he slobbers sixteen hours a day. He cures our disease by asking us to be mountain-shifting martyrs. And for what? Children admirably suited for stenography. Children who will believe, memorize, and forget anything. Children whose instinct is not desire to know, but attraction for mistakes. They can resist anything but temptation, like our British wag. Athletic-mad, dance-mad, date-mad, let's-fool-the-old-fogey-mad, money-mad, get-married-mad, vanity-mad, carpe-diem-mad—

ZERO [*his dignity ruffled*] But but but but but but but. Gentlemen, in a body let us move to the equator of this fuss. We've teetered at the antipodes long enough. Entertainment over.

FOURTEEN: In a body, fifteen to one, let us vivisect the student and see why he lives. Surely he looks more like a young alumnus, a bouncing American, than a young professor?

ONE: Tut. Let's give it a past, as well as a future. It looks like an old baby swaddled in tinsled filth.

ZERO: [*tongue in cheek*] You believe, FOURTEEN, we should take more pains with the self-educating?

FOURTEEN: No. You can't teach, but you can try to make more self-educators.

ONE: [*beaming, with eyes open for first time*] FOURTEEN, you imp, I think this is the most amusing stunt you have ever given us. Knocking hell out of us and then signing it "Student."

NOISES: "Eh!" "Treason, Sir!" "La, the man *is* mad."

FOURTEEN: My compliments, Professor. From a serious young fool to an old one.

ZERO: Gentlemen, gentlemen, we *must* hit the nail on the head. Is the teacher an ass and the student a monkey with a mirror?

THIRTEEN: [*jumping up and flinging both arms to the ceiling with a bit of FOURTEEN's bravado*] Shout hosanna!

NINE: I move that we move—

FOURTEEN:—That the sky is blue in Picardy. That if the teacher [bless him]—

ONE:—and the student [*in pace requiescat*]—

FOURTEEN:—are the pillars and roof of our national education, we call on God to help us! Since  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 1% of studentry are actual students and self-learning at that, gentlemen, let us toast to the folly of our noble institution and its respectable respectability! Let the degrees we sell be recognized as the very excellent and vain wall-paper we know them to be!

ONE: Let the sun shine.

CHORUS: [*joyful. The enigma yet lives. Bursting*] Shout hosanna!!!



"Do you ever exercise with dumb-bells?"

"Thanks, but I have this dance."

*Puppet.*

"I say, Joe, your girl looked quite tempting in that sort of Biblical gown she was wearing last night."

"What do you mean, Biblical gown?"

"Oh, you know. Sort of Lo and Be-hold!"

*Witt.*

Nurse: "Mr. Jones, you are the father of quadruplets."

Jones: "What, one of them things that runs around on four legs?"

*Ski-U-Mah.*

He: "Do you smoke?"

She: "No."

He: "Do you drink?"

She: "No."

He: "Do you pet?"

She: "No."

He: "Oh, goody, let's go out and have a hell of a good time looking in pool-room windows."

"I'm just going out to do a little serf riding," said the cruel medieval lord to his spouse as he cracked his whip.

*Jack O' Lantern.*

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According to latest reports, money will be the all-American end this year.  
*Puppet.*

### PHYSICS TERMS MADE EASY

Atom—The first man.  
Beaker—Larger.  
Convection—Cake or candy.  
Induction—Method of getting acquainted.  
Ion—Heavy metal found in raisins.  
Manual—Common Spanish name.  
Molar Solution—Listerine.  
Secant—I/60 of a minute.  
Sine—A notice.  
Tangent—An Ethiopian.  
Vector—A winner.  
Volt—To cast a ballot.

*Voo Doo.*

Tri-Delt: "Say, Frankie, don't you hate to have a person sort of—"

Sig Nu: "Take the words right out of your mouth? I'll say I do!"

"Madam, may I see your daughter?"

"No—get out and stay out!"

"But madam, see this badge—I'm respectable. I'm a trolley conductor."

"Oh, I'm sorry, sir, come right in. I thought that was a fraternity pin."

*Voo Doo.*

### MOST PEOPLE DON'T REALIZE:

1. That collegiate flivvers have been "out" for at least three years.
2. That slickers and pennants are almost never seen on college campuses.
3. That balloon trousers haven't been worn since the Harding administration.
4. That most collegiate jokes are written by people who wear slickers and balloon trousers and ride in collegiate flivvers.

*Octopus.*

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"They caught the fellow who stole all the shirts and socks and ties from Feitlebaum's."

"Yeah? Was he short, black-haired, dark complexioned, moon-eyed?"

"I believe so."

"Just as I thought. My roommate."  
*Kitty-Kat.*

Detachments of American and British soldiers were cantoned near each other. A feeling of jealousy was running high. One Britisher assailed a hump-shouldered Yankee.

"Say, what's that hump on your back?"

Immediately the American answered: "Bunker Hill. Wanna climb it?"

*Log.*

"What does wearing one's fraternity pin mean?"

"Who's wearing yours?"

"A Kappa."

"Nothing on this campus."

*Kitty-Kat.*

First Chorus Girl: "And what did he say when he found out you was a lady?"

Second Chorus Girl: "Him? Oh, he apologized all right. You see he thought I was one of them co-eds."

*Desert Wolf.*

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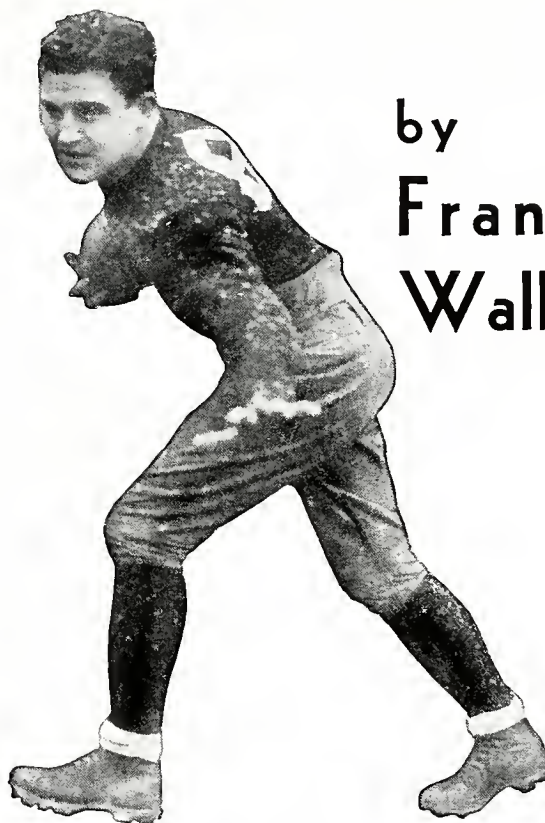
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# Huddle

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

**College Humor**  
M A G A Z I N E

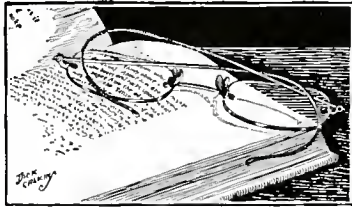
"I know of no contemporary who is better qualified to write modern football fiction than Francis Wallace; this is particularly true of the kind of football we play at Notre Dame, as he has had an opportunity to observe it from the inside for the last eleven years.

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*Knut A. Rockne*



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**ON LEAVING ONE'S  
ALMA MATER**

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party. What party? Why, the party that is leaving, of course. Yes, this party is finally leaving Clark's Institution for Wandering Youth on Wright Street, via the graduation route (by the grace of God and a fast outfield).

Of course, everyone knows that these four years for me have been all wine, women and song. Yeah, no wine, mediocre women, and the Dean's Office Song: "Button Up, You're Over-Cut."

Well, exactly what DID I get out of this great institution of learning? Just this—how to play a hand of bridge, how to keep a pipe burning without using a whole box of matches, how to talk to 2145, 5425, 7-1319 or 8047 (blonde)—for a full hour and not say anything, how to date two members of the same sorority without getting into trouble (I didn't), and how to say "Seeley's the name," and "How do you do, I'm sure," and how to talk about the weather when you don't give a damn whether you have had a tornado the next day, just so long as you get some sleep that night.

I did have some high spots in my career, in spite of the fates. For instance, I handed in the same term paper for three different courses and got a different grade on it each time. I also heard that there were some good-looking women on the campus, and at the end of my junior year I thought I had found her, but she turned out to be the girl who rode the elephants in one of the passing circuses.

So with lumps in my throat (probably some of that paste gravy we had at the house tonight), I bid you goodbye, and wish you all the hard luck possible, so that you can graduate some day too.

*Illinois Siren.*

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Try to figure out how much it would cost you to buy the most talked-of new books . . . to go to the best shows, cinemas and musical comedies . . . to visit the London tailors . . . to see the best new works of art in Paris . . . to attend the world's great sporting events . . . to arrange for demonstrations of the latest cars and planes . . . to learn the inner secrets of Backgammon and Contract Bridge . . . to go to the opera: in short, to know what's what about everything that is interesting and new in this modern and quick-moving world.

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A typical Freshman happened by the  
women's quad one night and accident-  
ally witnessed one of the inmates in her  
room who had forgotten the use of the  
window shade. "That girl is not very  
shy," he soliloquized, "but she certainly  
seems to be retiring."

Hill: So tomorrow is your wedding  
anniversary. What do you expect to get  
for your wife?

Gill: I don't know. I haven't had any  
offers.

*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

"Do you mean to tell me you want  
soap?"

"Yes'm. Me partner's got de hiccups  
an' I want to scare him."

*New Goblin.*

"Curse it! Curse it!" hissed the villain  
snatching at the girl's waist.

"No, it ain't either," she retorted, "it's  
a girdle."

*Beanpot.*

Student: "Sir, I think that calculus is  
very interesting."

Math prof: "Yes, integrate?"

I place my surfaces at your disposal,  
said the Freshman as he assumed the  
position.

*Siren.*

Joe, the Fraternity Man, says the best  
time to go to bed is when he finds no  
one in it.

Registrar: "What's your name?"

"Minniehaha."

"Well, what's funny about that?"

"What was that racket around Bill's  
room last night?"

"Oh, the fellows couldn't get him into  
his room because he lost his key, so they  
ran a steam roller over him and slid him  
under the door."

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**20,679 Physicians**  
*say* **LUCKIES** are  
*less irritating*

**I too prefer**  
**LUCKIES**  
*because ...*

Toasting removes  
dangerous irritants  
that cause  
throat irritation  
and coughing



**“It’s toasted”**

Your Throat Protection —  
against irritation — against cough.